HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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JOHN R. FRENCH, PRINTER.

Herald of Freedom.

Our Correspondents.

Read their powerful contributions and see, among other things, what our movement is doing for the people. If it did nothing else, it were well worth while, and all the pains, labor and cost—all the privation and persecution, it involves, (not on me, for I have suffered nothing *yet*,) to call into action the sleeping talent it has roused among the sons of labor. The blacksmiths, the shoe-makers, the joiners, the farmers—the minds among the people that are not disabled from thinking by a pedant education, those it has called forth, and they display more grand humanity and more noble intellect in our little paper alone, than is seen in all the political and sectarian presses among us, and about all the miserable colleges and seminaries.

Yet many of the community don't dare even read our paper. They have not got genius enough, or character enough, to dare to read it, if nobody saw them. They dare as well die, as be caught with it, by their priest, or one of his old, tobacco-stained deacons. The miserable sectarian presses don't dare quote our noble communications.—They are afraid the clergy would dry up their patronage and efface their subscription list. The politicians don't dare—for fear of the clergy and the South. Henry Wood's Journal and Edmund Worth's Register have both got heavy subscription lists, I have no doubt—and they ha'n't both of them substance enough, put together, to stop a crack in the kitchen wall. Wood's has some scholar phraseology, and some college fancy about it.—But Worth's has no more in it than a cabbage leaf. I had as lief take a cabbage leaf—after a hard frost and set down and read it, as the Baptist Register. Yet it has a host of subscribers, and is calling for more.—So is the Journal. The Herald of Freedom has not subscribers enough to pay for the printing, and one column of its ordinary correspondence, has more merit—more talent—more literature in it, than a score of these horse-block prints. It argues a fine state of intellect and taste in the community.—ED'R.

LYME, October 26, 1842.

Friend Rogers: I do not know of any thing in particular that I want to write, but still it seems to me as though it would gratify my scribbling *propensity*, and perhaps my anti-slavery *infidelity*, to make the attempt; and if I cannot fill a sheet with any *particular* subject, let you have a few thoughts in *general*. Sometimes I think I will not write any more for the Herald; but then, what if everybody thought so? Here I am, delving in the earth—and while I am to work I can't help thinking; and I do not know but that as long as I read the Herald, I shall have to keep writing. Somehow it seems strange to me, that among all the subjects that have agitated the world since I lived in it, nothing ever enlisted my feelings like this New-Hampshire Anti-slavery movement.—It is just the thing for me—verifying the truth of Pope's couplet:

"On different senses different objects strike,
All have their charms, but please not all alike."

Politics at various times have run through the length and breadth of our land, and like everybody else, almost, I have been a partizan in politics. Indeed, this is the only *sectarian* feeling that ever got hold upon me, with anything like a strong grip, and this for a long time kept me out of the anti-slavery ranks.—"Hill and Barton" said that abolitionism was a device of the enemy, to distract the democracy, and build up federalism—and I was a believer in "Hill and Barton." But when Barton declared that Isaac Hill was "pension agent," after having said that he was not, the spell was broken; and when the *scales* were fallen, I perceived, or thought I saw, that there was no difference in the parties; but that the leading men in both cared more for their own interests than for that of their constituents. And since I took neutral ground, and looked both ways, it has amused me to see the wily leaders rub the eyes of their *followers*, and set them all in a "frenzy," to determine which set of demagogues should skin them. Whether Martin Van Buren & Co., should take a fleece of some twenty-five or thirty millions a year for the purpose of revenue, or Webster, Clay & Co., should do the same thing for the purpose of *protection*.

Now if a politician should chance to see this, I want to ask him if this is not a most important question, and well worth all the caucusing and vexation of party discipline? I want to know if he is willing to see the glorious declaration, that 'all men are born free and equal,' outraged as it is in this government?—To see humanity converted to a mere piece of merchandize?—Human beings bought and sold like swine in Brighton market?—To see the liberty of the press assailed?—To see freedom's advocates gagged in Congress, and imprisoned elsewhere? In short, if he will look coldly on and witness the grasping clutches of slavery wrenching every vestige of liberty from the laboring people of the free States, as it does from those of the South, without making an effort to arrest the downward tendency of our affairs? It cannot be. The laboring people will yet see that the cry of reform! reform! that has been ringing through the land for the last twenty years, is a mere party hobby, and that so long as slavery rules the nation, reform is impracticable. They will yet unite, I hope, and put down the heartless cormorants that are preying upon them, and then, if ever, there will be an opportunity for liberty to breathe again. But I did not intend to run into a political essay.

Just before friend Beach was incarcerated in Newburyport jail, I had an opportunity to get acquainted with him in a small degree, and on this account perhaps, I have thought more of him than I otherwise should; for we never think so much of the sufferings of strangers, as we do of acquaintances. His letters from *jail* are more interesting to me probably, on this account. I am glad he is in there—for such an *un*worthy cause.—It improves his style. He cannot see it probably, but others can. He will unlearn in *jail* a portion of his clerical habits, that you wished him to get rid of. If I were going to fit myself for an anti-slavery reformer, I would walk into the nearest Orthodox Synagogue—proclaim an unwelcome truth there, and get thrust into the "den of fleas" up here in Grafton County, where Allen and Brown were imprisoned. These men laid there sixteen days, and when they came out, they were better fitted for reformers than if they had studied sixteen years in Dartmouth College down here. I will tell the church, if they want to stop this *abolition*, the most likely way to do it. Just get a phrenologist to examine all the young heads, and when he finds a real "fanatic," let the church take special care of his education, and be sure to keep him at some theological seminary, at least four years. If this will not break down his spirit, he may be set down as an incorrigible disorganizer. I would not warrant this to succeed, but if this would not, nothing will.

Beach will come out of that *jail* a stronger man. When I saw him, I spoke somewhat doubtingly of the propriety of interrupting this ungodly idol worship. I am sorry I did so.—I am afraid he will think of it, there in prison.—That he will feel as though he was suffering the malice of Satan's clergy, and the rebuke of a friend. I ask his pardon, and will not put him to the trouble of enforcing the 18th of Matthew. I thought it a doubtful measure at the time, but ought not to have told *him* so, going as he was to prison.—It was too late then for broaching such sentiments. Solomon says "there is a time for everything," but this was not the time to fill friend Beach's ears with such words. I make this acknowledgment to him, and in hearing of *the church*.

Now, friend Rogers, I want you should be careful and keep a record of all the names of ungodly hypocrites who engage in this pious measure of suppressing the truth, by imprisoning its advocates, that they may be handed down to future generations, by the side of Catalina and Cromwell, "damned to everlasting fame;" and make Newburyport jail to be remembered as long as 'Gallows Hill," and as famous in history as the old French Bastile.—And this Anti-slavery Seminary, up here in Grafton County, when the bond man shall become a free man, and his children of the fiftieth generation shall drive their chariots up here to get a glimpse of our glorious mountains, they will stop to look at Haverhill jail. If I had the fabled rod of Pometheus, I would animate that "Old Man of the Mountain," and he should stand there forever. I would put but '*one idea*' in his head, and that should be Haverhill jail; and every sixteen days he should utter his voice, as if the whole White Mountains were transformed to lungs, and inhaled all the atmosphere in New-Hampshire, and he should cry, Haverhill jail! Haverhill jail!! and future generations, when they heard it, should enquire 'what meaneth this?' and grey headed men should reply, that people were *imprisoned* here by soulless politicians, and religious bigots, for attempting to *speak* in a religious(?) meeting.

The slave never heard of Beach and Foster and Allen and Brown, but he shall hear of them, in spite of all the synagogues and their back kitchens. The names of these men shall go down to the chronicles of the future, and the slave shall know who were imprisoned, and who suffered that he might be free. Not the black slave merely, but the white shall yet learn that these men are doing battle for them, and they will yet visit these jails with the same veneration that men feel when looking at the tombs of the great and good. The world will yet learn to appreciate their labors. If this besotted nation should be past recovery, and one wild ruin should be the only relic of *it*, these labors will not be lost. A better generation shall hear of them. For

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

They are making an impression that cannot be effaced. Time will gnaw down pillars of marble, but the man who gives tone to society, is like him who gives it a language; the influence of it will be felt through all ages, and the Anti-Slavery movement of this day will give a color to the politics and religion of this country that can never be totally washed away.

S. FLINT, JR.

Will they not hear!

DOVER, Oct. 22, 1842.

N. P. Rogers: If prisons, entombing men in their living horrors, for righteousness' sake, have not a voice loud enough to wake this people, what *can* break their sleep of sin? If the rock-walls, and the grim iron gratings, shutting up Thomas P. Beach from the free air and the free use of his limbs, and from the work of his ministry—if they have not a tongue to make the people hear of the tyranny of the political and the fiendishness of the religious institutions and spirit of this land, what thunders can declare it so that they will hear! Would even "the voice of his blood, crying from the ground," should it be actually shed by his persecutors, break the sleep of indifferency and the dreams of wickedness in which this community and nation are subsisting? No. If they can harden their hearts to participate or acquiesce in the imprisonment of a man for faithfulness to his God and his brethren, they will be suffered to harden them to the shedding of his blood, or the blood of others who may be faithful to God and merciful to men. Has not blood been already shed—martyr-blood—in this testimony against slavery? For these six years, the blood of Lovejoy and Crandall has been crying from this soil drenched with the blood of its aboriginal occupants, and the blood of slaves. Their blood was shed in martyrdom to the cause of the oppressed—shed by the laws and religious professions of this nation—shed by all the people of this nation who are on the operessor's side. Their blood cries from the ground—has cried for years—but who hears it? God hears it—and the little "remnant" of the merciful left in the land hear it—and the great body of the nation are deaf as adders to it. They give witness that they still possess the same spirit that shed their blood, and give abundant earnest that they will yet more freely shed the blood of the merciful. Lovejoy and Crandall were murdered for being merciful. Thomas P. Beach is now shut up in the horrid Jail at Newburyport for being merciful. The religious professions of the country as principal, and the political power as the agent, have barred him in there, because he had pity upon the oppressed, enough to constrain him to testimony against the influences and the persons that crush millions of his brethren into bondage and misery and vice. There he has been, these four weeks—and what has the community answered to this Church-and-State enormity? "*So let it be*"—they say, in expressed approval of the deed and in dead indifference to it. "*So let it be!*" says the professed and accredited Christian ministry, with unbroken unanimity.—"*So let it be*, concurs the professed Church, all united at least in this—"*So let it be*"—answer all the people, with an exception scarcely sufficient to be called a "remnant." "*So let it be*," acquiesce many a professed abolitionist.—And, "SO LET IT BE!" respond some of the nominally anti-slavery presses, in their dumbness to this outrage. And "what will they all do in the end thereof?"

Deaf as men may be—correspondent as their hearts may be to the rock and the iron, shutting out their brother from the blessings of our common Father's providence and from the labor of love for the perishing—the rock-walls and iron gratings and bolts of Thomas Beach's prison, all this time are uttering a voice, mightier with the ear of the God of all Righteousness, than the voice of many thunders. "His ear is not heavy" that it cannot hear that cry. And, ultimately, his enemies will learn, that "his arm is not shortened that it cannot save." It is that cruel, horrid prison that cries to God for vengeance—and not the heart and spirit of that imprisoned servant of Christ and true brother to mankind. No—no—his heart is not stone and iron. If it had been, his body had not been given a prey to those ennobling rocks and bars. He has a heart of flesh, and for this he is shut up in rock and iron. But that cell sends up into the ear of the Omnipotent a cry for vengeance. Vengeance is his—be it left to him to repay.

A week ago I was at Newburyport. I cannot tell you what sensation accompanied the grasp of our brother's hand among the double gratings of the prison window, and the hollow voice of his greeting as it came out from such a place. Our hands touched—our spirits embraced—but those black, massy, double-rowed iron bars, and that thick rock, I *felt* between us! Strange, strange meeting with a brother in Christ, I felt it to be. It was so to me—but nothing strange or new in the history of Christ's cause. That cause and prisons are old acquaintances—and will continue familiar associates till "the kingdoms under the whole heaven shall be given (absolutely) to the saints of the Most High." With our brother Alden of this town, I afterwards went into our brother Thomas' cell—brother Alden paying for himself and me the tribute-money (a quarter of a dollar) which the Church and State levy upon friendship, brotherly love, or humanity, if it will visit the imprisoned nearer than through the double-grated window and huge wall. There, with our imprisoned brother, we met his wife and boy—come down from their home in New-Hampshire, to partake what they could of the inflictions designed by Massachusetts Baptists, Quakers and Courts, as the portion of the husband and the father—for being merciful. The other child, in its infantile unconsciousness of a father's doom, was left in their vacated home—vacated for the prison residence, the doom by Baptists, Quakers and Americans, for pitying the oppressed—a residence continuous as day and night to one—and for that one's sake a residence of the other's some hours of each day in body—and the prison of their hearts continually. Ask wives and children, who are your readers, my brother Rogers, if they can imagine something of a husband and father's imprisonment. And ask them what they think of Thomas Beach's wife and children. For my part I felt the "joy of grief," in witnessing their condition and their spirit. I have not room to undertake to describe all that condition and that spirit—only as all may be summed up in this. *theirs was the condition and spirit of true and faithful Christianity—persecution by a false religion, in conjunction with the ungodly State, and patient, yea, rejoicing endurance of the wrong, and woe to the perpetrators of that wrong, deep, cruel, mighty wrong.* I judge, from what I had observed before, and what I now perceived, that this imprisonment of a husband, has in a very legitimate way, enlarged the wife's soul to a fuller freedom. Thanks to God, who maketh her strength equal to this trying day. Thanks, that this lot falls to that husband and father, and that wife and mother, (it fall it must any where) in a place where there are those, as there are in Newburyport, to act the part of Christ's true disciples to Christ in prison, in the person of one of his brethren. Their record need not be written here. It will be read before "all nations" gathered before Christ in the judgment—as the Judge has already certified. Read close of Matthew 25th.

I made it an object, the several days I was in Newburyport, to admonish the people of that place of their participation in this imprisonment—in their shops, or streets, as I deemed proper opportunity—in several meetings, one held on a public Square, Sunday noon—charging them as being, in their political and religious connections, the imprisoners of Thomas Beach, persecuted for righteousness' sake—every one of them guilty, except such as bear, truly, testimony against both the spirit and the act of his imprisonment. This charge must be made upon the whole community and nation, and upon the false church and ministry as the ring-leaders in it, the scribes and Pharisees and high Priests of this day, employing the Pilates and Herods of State as their agents for executing their malice, and seducing the mass of the people to acquiesce in their persecutings and to give their sanction to it. Let the charge be pressed home—let it be repeated and reiterated, till the doors shall open to the enlargement of the already imprisoned—or to the incarceration of those who testify. If the land awake not from its present spirit to righteousness, at the voice of imprisoned Humanity in the person of the pleaders for the enslaved, it will sleep on to its full doom to ruin. If there be salvation for it, it must be through giving an ear to the voice uttered by the prisons of abolitionists.—There still lies Thomas P. Beach in the cell awarded him for his faithfulness to God and perishing men—the cold rock-walls are drawing away from his body its vital warmth and wearing off his flesh, doing Death's incipient work—perhaps to consummate it soon: there he is shut out from heaven's free air, from the use of the limbs his Creator has given him, and from the exercise of the ministry of mercy to which the Father of Mercies has called him. Let it not be forgotten. Let the land know its iniquity and its danger. Let Anti-Christ be made manifest that some of his [illegible] may escape while escape is possible.

In remembrance of the bound,
Your fellow servant,
[illegible] MACK.

He who keeps a daily record of his thoughts and feelings, may see at the end of the year, how various are the pictures of himself. Man changes from hour to hour. He who knows himself, is right only in respect of the moment in which he speaks. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

T. P. Beach to John B. Chandler.

Not written for the public eye—but friend Chandler and I thought it would do good.

Newburyport JAIL,
October 18, 1842.

Dear Brother John:—Now what do you think about following friend Miller's theory about Sunday? Oh you naughty boy, if you do, you've got to think how wicked 't was to burn that brush Sunday. Oh you'll have to confess to that South Church, that you did very naughty in letting the light of your burning hay, wood and stubble, in upon their sacred repose on Sunday. If friend Miller is right—how you have sinned against the dignity and sacredness of that holy *men*, and *people*, and *place*. I don't think there remains any more remission for you, but a fearful looking for of the frowns and indignation of the Church and Clergy,—which withers and blasts everything lovely and christian in the whole land. Oh Johnny I exhort thee to be very penitent. I expected you would be down to the Salem Camp-meeting, and then I should get sight at you, or you would at me—I sent a few queries to the Signs of the Times; one was—Why don't you believers in Second Advent, go into Meeting-houses as Christ did, and preach a doctrine on which hangs the heaven or hell of each living soul? for if true then whoever does not come to a full belief of it, he will be unprepared, and so can't go in—to the Marriage Supper. Perhaps, however, you will admit that some who do all in their power to be also ready, according to the direction of Christ, and so watch and wait for his coming, may get into the door. Well, if they can, then all may, on the same principle; and of course—it is not necessary to salvation, that the doctrine should be preached or believed.

I have been reading "Miller's Life and Views," or in orthodox language, his memoirs and creed. I have never seen so perfect a system of Chronology as I find there. I am astonished that a man of his limited education should so far exceed the efforts of the most learned men. He is certainly a man of remarkable talents and ingenuity. I cannot think his reasoning sound, or his statements correct—in regard to the Jewish Sabbath. He dwells much on the expressions of Paul in 4th of Hebrews—'There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God;' and again, 'Let us labor to enter into that rest, lest *any man* should fall after the same example of unbelief.' But what does he omit the 3d verse for? 'We which have believed *do enter* into rest;' and the 10th, 'He that *is entered into his rest* hath ceased,' &c. Now if all who believe on Christ, have entered into that rest of which Christ is the author, and to which He leads them as Joshua did Israel into Canaan, then surely the *rest* here spoken of, was not friend Miller's [illegible] your Sabbath, because they have not entered into that yet, and will not, let them believe ever so much, till "43." So much for his long Sunday. More anon.

You may possibly have thought so much of me, as to be anxious to know how I like my new quarters. I like just as I did the first night I came in here. I have no particular fault to find with anything, but my privation of liberty. I tell you John there is responsibility somewhere about this matter. It is no light thing to shut a human being out from all that God has given his children to enjoy! I never realized it as I now do. I have never before dreamed even, or imagined anything like what it is to submit to the will of a fellow-man, in everything he may require of me, even to the privation of the dearest gift of God—Liberty.—I don't wonder our fathers cried—"Give us *Liberty* or give us death." Yet they had comparatively no reason thus to cry. The poor prisoner has a thousand times more reason to utter this cry—no matter for his crime—if he had the spirit of a man—the one which the Almighty gave him within, he would cry, 'Give me Liberty or death!' And if so, what must be the feelings of those who have been imprisoned for no crime—enslaved for no wrong of their doing—punished with stripes, or fines and dungeons for doing what they honest and steadfastly adhere to, as the simple plain dictates of Truth and Duty!!! Death! Death, no Death! [illegible] of their Lives!!!

My Brother—do you long for the Advent of Jesus—are you sick of what you have experienced of the false, bewitchings and damning state of society into which men have rushed [illegible], at the heels of a Human Priesthood? I desire it more, if that is the way God intends to cure the evils of this world. That he did do this once, when the dark [illegible] of a [illegible] influence had forced their way to the mind of [illegible], according to the history, I concede. But for 1800 years He has pursued a different method. Once he let Death go out, and build his splendid works over the internal fire of the volcano, or the pent up gasses of the earthquake, and overwhelming destruction was the result. But in later ages he has seemed to command the tempests and storms of revolution and reform to clear the atmosphere from time to time, and thus revive to fresh beauty

and loveliness, the moral world. I have so looked at this matter. All I can say is, that in humble submission, but with intense desire, I watch and wait for the glorious change whatever it be. And if anything has ever increased my desire for his kingdom to come, and my pity and forgiveness for all my vile persecutors, it is my incarceration. Pray that a door of utterance, &c.— T. P. BEACH.

Now read a Divine's Letter.

This, reader, is the *Reverend* Ahab K. Moulton—or whatever his "A" stands for,—Free-*will(ful)* minister at Dover.—He bored our late convention at Great Falls—useful though it was, to have one divine there, to exemplify, as we went along, the official obliquities, and pro slavery position and character of that order of nightmares. I hardly ever saw a more impudent—brazen-faced, mendacious personage.—He was as flippant as a wooden nutmeg pedler, and as modest.—And when convicted of a downright untruth, it would embarrass him as much as it would an eloquent "trader in the waggon"—to show him a hole in a tin dipper he had just struck off to you as "sound or no sale." I let him in here among anti-slavery company, first because he is human, and has human right to speak any where and every where, (though he don't hold to right of speech) —and second because I want to exhibit him—I want to show how a professed abolitionist Divine can talk, while the anti-slavery advocates are lying in jail among us, at the instigation of the clergy, for pleading the cause of humanity. All he cares about is his masterly sect, and to show how crank he can handle a pen.

I will say one word about his piece. He quotes "Jim Crow Sect," and "Paddy Car Synagogue." These are not expressive of *my* estimation of his denomination, as he would perhaps have them think,—but of the contempt entertained for it, by the haughty Sects, whose dirty work he was willing to do, at the Great Falls anti-slavery meeting. The genteel Sects have regarded the Freewill Baptists, as the white folks do the colored, in the Meeting-House and on the Rail Road, and as they do the poor Irish people. With sovereign contempt. They are more condescending of late, towards them.

A word farther. "Mr. French" is absent on a journey—or he would probably say something about what is here said as to him.—Ed's.

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Mr. Rogers: Having received encouragement from Mr. French that my communications should have a place in his paper, and having delayed till I suppose you have given us all you intend to in relation to the recent meeting at Great Falls, I shall now proceed to make a few remarks upon your report of that meeting.

Of the general aspect of the report I have but little to say; but it is very singular that the meeting closed because they had time to hold it no longer, and adjourned to make room for a Washingtonian meeting and stand to attend it! Your attempt to set the "Jesuit Priesthood" and the Washingtonians at loggerhead, by representing that they are so already, is characteristic of your lawyer like sagacity, and needs no comment; as also your attempt to make your anti-slavery principles responsible for the refusal of the meeting houses at Great Falls. One would scarcely have thought you could do so well for yourselves in that report, without laying your statements more liable to an attack, and yet, your animadversions, your halfarticulated and round-about accusations, and your ingenious but fruitless attempts to put a kind of extenuating aspect on the quarrels of your own community, (in which attempts you are obliged to confess you do not succeed,) your appeals to "the enemy," in which you adjure him not to take heart and triumph over your divisions, all sound upon the ear of one who attended the meetings and witnessed your total failure, like the last struggles of a sinking cause; and could a Tiller world have witnessed your folly as it was manifested to the assembly at Great Falls, your infamous career would now be forever terminated. To extricate yourselves from your unpleasant situation, however, you go home and Herald me forth upon the *wings of sound* as a liar. From my acquaintance with yourself and party, I expected this before I went. No character more likely to cry "stop thief" than the villain who carries stolen goods. It is a part of your trade to traduce people, and by no means a small part. Your usual course is to undertake to destroy the influence of your opponent by destroying his character, and supply your lack of argument, as you have in this case, by downright abuse.—Of this I have long been aware, and you probably recollect that when several of your coadjutors threatened to publish me, far and near, I told them to go ahead. I tell you so now. I should never have gone among you, any more than I would have sent a sheep among a pack of wolves, and made the efforts I did make, to show the community your consummate folly and recklessness, if I had regarded your slanderous tongues or venomous goose quills. Having for some time been acquainted with your inveterate hatred against the church and the institutions of religion, I expected the institution of slavery would receive but little attention during that meeting, and that copious vials of wrath would be poured upon the heads of the church and ministry. Although, as you well know, I made considerable effort to induce the meeting to adhere to the interests of the anti slavery cause, so that we could all harmonize in exerting an influence in that momentous enterprise, still the result was as I anticipated: you neglected the opportunity to do good, and wasted your precious time in wrangling with each other and spewing out your gall upon the *priests*, the church and the Sabbath, and God will hold you accountable for it.

Now, sir, although you have but half articulated some things, yet you have called me a liar pretty plainly, and have also stated that I have proved myself pro-slavery. Will you condescend to be unusually explanatory on these points, and inform the public what I have lied about, and wherein I have proved myself pro-slavery. Unless you will do this, please recollect that your applying to me your long list of invectives, will be of but little consequence, since the public ear (as far as your paper circulates) has been so familiarized to them that they really begin to sound insipid; and to be scandalized in the Herald of Freedom, as far as I am acquainted, is considered no disgrace. The reason of my calling on you for these specifications, is not because I so much regard the accusations, but I wish, as far as possible to bring all the circumstances of that meeting before the whole community, attested by the testimony of many good witnesses who were present at our discussion, since you, in your wisdom, have seen fit to place my name before the public in the light you have.

Permit to congratulate you on the discovery you have been so slow to make, that "there is no overcoming a priest in conflict." If "all your anti-slavery experience with these arch enemies" has but just now "led you to make these remarks," and if there are "over 20,000 of them [the *priests*] in these United States," and if you must overthrow this accursed order before slavery can be abolished, surely your patience throws old Job quite into the shade, and your perseverence eclipses that of any man, of any age whatever. Please tell us, by this rule, how soon you intend to abolish slavery! But there are many points which I should like to discuss with you; and you and your people seem disposed to represent that your cause receives a new impulse from open opposition, and languishes for want of an opportunity of contrast with the foolish humbuggery of these degenerate times! perhaps a poor antagonist would be better than no game at all—even one who is "not very Reverend," a man of "the Jim Crow Sect" and "Paddy Car Synagogue." If so, please signify it in the Herald, and I will state the points which I should like to discuss, which I doubt not would be the very ones you would prefer.

Yours,
A. K. MOULTON.

Dover, Oct. 21, 1842.

P. S. I wish to refresh the memory of Mr. French concerning the egregious blunder you and he made in the Herald, when trying to implicate the Morning Star with falsehood, and which he promised to correct.

A. K. M.

Herald of Freedom.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1842.

EARNEST CALL

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN RIGHTS IN ESSEX COUNTY AND ELSEWHERE, TO HOLD A MEETING AT GEORGETOWN, MASS.

The crisis has arrived,—the time for energetic, decided action has fully come, when all who love God and regard the interests of man, should gird on the whole armor of righteousness and fight manfully for the RIGHT. Satan has come down in great wrath, knowing that his time is short. Thomas Parnell Beach, a minister of Jesus Christ, while going about in our midst on his Master's great mission of preaching deliverance to the captive, has been seized by the powers of darkness and cast into Newburyport Jail! There our brother now lies—shut out from God's free air, his friends, his wife and little ones. These things should arouse all the humanity that remains in the land, or the stones will cry out of his prison walls.

Let us meet to take counsel. We therefore invite you to meet with us in our village, Sunday, 6th of November, at 9 o'clock, A. M.—The meeting will continue during the day and evening. In the name of God and of enslaved, and of imprisoned humanity, come.

Theodore G. Elliot,	John Osgood, jr.,
Josiah C. Plumer,	Geo. W. Lowell,
Maria J. Plumer,	Elizabeth B. Lowell,
Benjamin Jackman,	C. H. Adams,
Susan B. Jackman,	C. H. Johnson,
Benjamin C. Elliot,	J. R. Scates,
Sophronia P. Elliot,	H. N. Scates,
Silas C. Everett,	Hannah Wright,
Hannah Everett,	Charlotte Wright,
Benj. P. Pickett,	Wm. B. Herriman,
Jacob F. Jewett,	Olive N. Herriman,
E. B. Herriman,	David Haskell,
J. P. Pickett,	Hannah L. Haskell,
Lydia M. Herriman,	Moses Wright,
Sally Herriman,	Belinda Yeaton,
Asa W. Swett,	Abby H. Noyes,
Samuel Coffin,	Louisa Price,
James H. Swett,	Mary A. Swett.

Georgetown, Mass. Oct. 29, 1842.

P. S. The Meeting will be held in the Hall of J. K. Savory's Tavern, which is now a thorough-going Temperance House.

CONVENTIONS AT DANVERS AND NEWBURYPORT.

I have received Calls for Conventions at Danvers New Mills, Nov. 4th, & at Newburyport, on the 8th, numerously signed, and drawn up with great spirit and power. The cause of them is the *imprisonment of Thomas P. Beach, for speaking in professed Christian meetings.* I received them too late for insertion, and can only say that their object is the consideration of what appears to me a leading, if not *the* leading question of the time,—viz: Whether "God's public worship" is to be managed like a town meeting, by the caprice of the majority, and individual conscience to be trampled under foot. If that is Christian worship, it ought to be so regarded,—if not, let the People know it, and Anti-Slavery has no occasion to go in there and speak. If it is not esteemed *God's Worship*, the Clergy can't put down Anti-Slavery by means of it. Let the friends of Humanity flock to these Conventions.

Jonathan Ward.

I have repeatedly stated that I regarded this aged divine a good deal honester, as well as more intellectual, than the brotherhood generally to which he belongs. I am thinking I shall be obliged to recant that opinion in regard to honesty, and to come to the conclusion that his peculiarities are matters of animal temperament and disposition, and that as to principle he will turn out, on being tested, like all other priests—wholly and totally destitute, in all matters touching his office and his religion. His long letter below furnishes no little evidence of this. He has very little worldliness, as it is called—would be scrupulously conscientious, doubtless, in money matters—but where his *religion* is concerned, as unscrupulous as all other priests.

He is more willing to venture out where he may be replied to, than the priesthood generally. But I shall be obliged to attribute it hereafter more to his imprudence, and his great opinion of himself as a sharp writer,—together with his idea that his priesthood will over awe the common people from daring to reply to him, than to any willingness to encounter freedom of discussion. I am glad to have him write, to show out priesthood, and I repeat to the reader, that he is perhaps the ablest writer of the New-Hampshire Clergy.

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Mr. Rogers: When I wrote my reply to Mr (1) Sargent's letter, I thought it doubtful, whether I should notice any thing else, which he or you might publish. But though I have very little hope of doing either of you any good.(2) I hope I may be instrumental of opening the eyes of some who are misled, by exposing your mistatements.(3) And as you have, without my consent, introduced me into the Herald, I trust you will not close its columns against me, so long as you continue your attacks.(4) I am willing to give your credit for whatever is fair, or honorable, in your conduct, as your publishing my reply to Mr. Sargent, and with very few tyographical errors. And while you and I lived in Plymouth, you always treated me in a friendly manner, and would probably have continued to do so, if I could have approved of your course, or had not disapproved of it.(5) But I wrote a private letter to you, dated Feb. 17, 1839, which I began thus, "Solomon says, 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,'"(6) and quoted also Psalms 141: 5, Lev. 19: 17,—but added, that "we are commanded to reprove with all long suffering." I proposed to write, and think I did write, with friendly feelings, though plainly, which I have no doubt gave offence.

This letter you noticed publicly in the Herald, and I thought very much misrepresented. You did not indeed name me, but so described the writer, that I presume not a few of your readers concluded to whom you referred.(7) I then wrote you another *private* letter. And "have I become your enemy because I have told you the truth?" It affords me no pleasure to expose the faults of others. I therefore choose to do it privately, unless exposure is necessary for the public good. And though I passed over the *public* attack just alluded to with a *private* notice, yet, as you have again attacked me more openly, I shall deal plainly with you.(8)

In your remarks in reference to my letter which Mr. Sargent published, you rather mourned over my "bigotry, and sect, and superstition," and the mental imbecility displayed in my letter. But in your remarks in the Herald of Sept. 23d, you display your hostility. In your usual way of assertion you bring many charges against me But have you proved one of them? I know you several years ago disclaimed "arguing," as "foolish."(9) And probably many of your readers will be satisfied with your bare assertion, but I shall not.(10) And I very much doubt, whether "the Plymouth parishoners" will receive your assertions which you "mention for information," as you seem to think they will. They know you.(11) You rather complain of my "*long* epistles." But ought you not to be willing to allow one who was "bare of argument" to be as long in *proportion* in answering the powerful arguer, as he was in answering the former? In answering mine of a little more than *one* column Mr. Sargent occupied nearly *four*, and mine in reply occupied five and about a third—whereas it should have occupied about 15 to have been in due proportion, so that you are nearly *ten* columns in debt to me, instead of having any reason to complain.(12) Beside you said, I "*grooned*" in my first letter, which must take longer.(13) And to answer one who "argues" so powerfully, you must expect would make me "groan" more.(14) I hope therefore you will not complain any more of the length of my communications.

You say I "quoted the unfavorable portions of your mention of me, and left out the favorable," and add, "that is all very clerical." If I had considered what you alluded to as really "favorable," I should not have been willing to have published it.(15) But remember, it was only "compared with the mass of the clergy," whom you represent as the vilest characters. You say, "such is the bewitching, *bedeviling* influence of the priestly character on any man; it turns a man into a devil." Here you boldly pronounce *every* clergyman a devil. So that your "*favorable*" notice of me amounts to this, that I am not *so bad a devil* as some others!(16) In the Herald of July 8th, you say, "the bloodiest and most cowardly set of monsters on the face of the earth are and ever have been the Priests. They have shed the main amount of blood that has flowed from human veins since Cain." Again, July 1st, you say, "The Priesthood is the great murderous pro-slavery of the world. It has ever been the giant—the mammoth curse of the family of man. The greatest curse God has permitted to befal it is the infliction of this dreadful, dreadful institution. It is the Pandora's box of mischiefs. It has been a volcano of moral evil, perpetually belching forth in all ages. The institution *must be overthrown*, or there is no hope for humanity.(17) And you added, "*We must try.*"(18) In view of these extracts the reader may estimate your "favorable mention of me." I am one of these "monsters" and devils of whom you thus speak. But I am glad that you come out and show so plainly your bitter hostility to the ministry, and that you avow so plainly your determination to "try" to "overthrow" it.(19) And that was probably your object in commencing an attack upon me, to destroy my influence,(20) as you might think I had some influence in supporting the ministerial office, and therefore stood in the way of the accomplishment of your hostile designs.(21) But your puny efforts will be in vain.(22)

Refering to my quoting a part of "the Amherst Resolutions" in my private letter to Mr. Sargent, you say, "It was not for trying to deceive Sargent or the public by mutilating the resolution, but for treating the resolution falsely, that I find fault." If I desired to do it, how could I think of deceiving Mr. Sargent, when he was present at the meeting, where the resolution was passed,(23) or of deceiving "the *public*" by writing a part of it in a *private* letter.(24) Can you tell? Or did you expect by such a palpably absurd statement to deceive your readers.(25)

You say, "the Resolution was against Revivals, as *pro-slavery*—and Parson Ward knew it—yet he treated it as against revivals without reference to pro-slavery."(26) I presume you drew up the resolution. And was there the least exception? Or was it not entirely general, including all the "revivals of the times," which are called "technical." If there was any exception, show it.(27) You know, that revivals are calculated to give influence to ministers.(28) They are therefore in the Resolution called "priestly expedients to increase and perpetuate clerical despotism." Hence, in order to prosecute more successfully your avowed design to "overthrow" the ministry, you must destroy the influence of revivals. But you probably felt afraid to attack them openly, and without any disguise, as they have been regarded with so much respect by serious people. You therefore brought forward your great hobby, *pro-slavery*, and I presume by representing them *pro-slavery*, hoped to conceal your hostility to *all* revivals.(29)

You say, you "repented soon (which I omitted to mention.) "Bring forth fruits meet for repentance," and I will most cheerfully mention it.(30) You complain that I "now desert you." As I believe you have really, notwithstanding all your professions, deserted the cause of Christ, and the cause of the slave too, I cannot stand by you, or follow you.(31)

You charge me with "abusing you," and "insulting you grossly." I do not allow myself to abuse or insult others.(32) And I shall demand the proof of the truth of such charges. If you have the letters to which you refer, I will give you leave to publish them. And if you have lost them, I will furnish you with copies, that your readers may see how "grossly I insulted you." I said in one, "you and I used to be friends. And I have written plainly, and as a friend, whether so considered or not." It is very evident, that you did not so consider it, but was offended.(33)

As you have made several assertions about my stopping the Herald, and thus brought the matter before the public, I will state *the facts*, which I can easily prove, as I have the letters. I had been in the practice of addressing editors of periodicals on sending for, paying for, or stopping them, and never heard any complaint. In Feb. 17, 1839, after noticing various things in the Herald which I disapproved, I said to you, "If I can find an abolition paper conducted with more candor, and a better spirit, I shall exchange." In March following in a letter to you I wished it stopped. But it continued to come through the year. At the close of the year, I received a bill charging me $2 for it.—I then wrote to you that "I thought you meant to send it, perhaps last year, and not require pay. And I did not like to wound your feelings by refusing to take it. I hope the paper will not be sent any more. And rather than have any difficulty, I will pay the $2, when I get the money, though I cannot conscientiously support a paper which I believe is injuring the cause of religion and abolition." Here I suppose is some of my abuse and insult. But the paper continued to be sent the beginning of the next year. I then sent it back directed to you, when I received a letter from Mr. Chase, stating that he had received a Herald with my name on it, and did not know whether I wanted it stopped. I then wrote to him, and sent him the $2. But how did he receive the returned paper which was directed to you, when you say you "had nothing to do with publishing the paper, or stopping it?"

I saw the decision of a Judge, I think in the State of New-York, in which he stated, that a subscriber did not inform the *editor* of a paper that he wished to have it stopped, he was liable to pay for it. But if the Judge was wrong, and you were right, I should have thought you would have been kind enough to mention to the printer that I wished the paper stopped, as you probably saw him several times a week. But perhaps you were so "devoured of" philanthropy, or kindness, for the slave, that you had none left for "poor old parson Ward"—even enough during a whole year, and after I had mentioned twice, that I wished it stopped, to name it to the printer. If a person had written to you to have the Herald *sent* to him instead of *stopped*, I wonder whether you would have felt that you could not mention it to the printer. Did no such case ever occur?(34)

You accuse me of "abusing you grossly," because you would not abuse Garrison, for *abusing James Boyle!*" What is abuse? W[illegible] says, "Abuse, s. rude reproach"—v. to re-vile." It seems that such reproachful language as I have quoted, which you apply to ministers indiscriminately, and which abounds in the Herald, is not abuse, when coming from your pen or tongue. But if I tell you your faults according to divine direction, that is *abuse*.(35) But I ask *proof* of this charge. You may however perhaps think it "abuse" or "insult," to require proof, when you years ago publicly discarded "arguing.(36) You said in the Herald "Shall we *argue*, and *persuade*, be *courteous*, convince, induce, and all that? No, we shall attempt no such thing, for the simple reason that such things are entirely uncalled for, useless, foolish, inadequate. Slavery must be [illegible] down, denounced down, ridiculed down.(37) Here your *avowed* weapons are, not *argument* or *courtesy*, or "any such things," but *denunciation* and *ridicule*(38)—and you might have added, *assertion*, ASSERTION. And here we learn the reason, why the Herald is so "bare of argument."

As you say the Herald of Freedom is open to the discussion of the Sabbath question, I will give a few quotations from Calvin's Institutes on that subject to go along with your quotations. And unless some *abler hand* should do it, perhaps I may *favor* you with some further communications.(39) Calvin says, "I am obliged to be rather more diffuse on this point, because in the present day some unquiet spirits" [like Mr. Rogers and others](40) "have been raising noisy contentions respecting the Lord's day. They complain that Christians are tinctured with Judaism, because they *retain any observance of days*.(41) But I reply that the Lord's day is not observed by us *upon any principle of Judaism*;(42) because *in this respect* the difference between us and them is very great. And then alluding to what the apostle says about observing days, and noticing a superstitious observance of days, he says, "The preposterous distinction of days the apostle vigorously opposes; and *not that legitimate difference which promotes the peace of the Christian Church. For in the churches which he founded the Sabbath was retained for this purpose*.(44) He prescribed the same to the Corinthians for making collections for the relief of the brethren at Jerusalem. "If superstition be an object of fear, there was more danger in the feasts of the Jews than in the *Lord's day now observed by Christians.* Now whereas it was expedient for the destruction of superstition, that the day which the Jews kept holy was abolished;(46) and it being necessary for the preservation of decorum, order and peace in the Christian Church, *another day* was *appointed for the same use*.(47) However the ancients have *not without sufficient reason* substituted *what we call the Lord's day in the room of the Sabbath*."(48) Why did you not give a fair representation of Calvin's sentiments?(49)

You are so ignorant, that you call "Luther and Calvin" 'some of the Christian fathers.' The Christian fathers are the fathers of the *primitive church*. And I will give you the opinion of two of them on this subject. Clemens Alexandrinus says, "A true christian, according *to the command of Christ observes the Lord's day by casting out all evil thoughts, and entertaining all good ones, glorifying the resurrection of the Lord*.(51) Dyonicius says, of the first day of the week, "BEING THE LORD'S DAY, WE KEPT IT HOLY.(52) You call it a "device of the devil."(53) You say "the Christian fathers "are reckoned *a good deal above Christ* himself *by the clergy* and the *mass of professors of religion*." Did you expect that your readers would believe this assertion? You say of "the people," "[illegible] them of these"—"the fetters, a sly but [illegible] priesthood have woven about their spirits," the law of God would blaze out on their hearts as plain as the sun in heaven, and if they did not keep it, it would blister their consciences like fire." Are "bearing false witness," slander, misrepresentation, deception, &c., contrary to "the law of God?" If they are, as you are "free" from these "chains," I should think your conscience would be *blistered* very often, and be kept constantly sore, if it is not "seared with a hot iron," which I am afraid is the case. But as you did not regard my *private* reproof

I shall try by *public* rebukes to reach your conscience, that you may be "converted from the error of your way," "that your spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus."(54)

JONATHAN WARD.

P. S. I must add a postcript to give you a little information which perhaps you did not "recollect." You say, speaking of my requesting you to stop the Herald, "he knew I had nothing to do with publishing the paper." I find in the Herald of that very year, that it was "published by the *Executive Committee* of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society," and that you were one of that Committee!! And how *I could know* that you had nothing to do with publishing it, when you were a member of the committee who publish it, I will leave for you to explain.(55)

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(1) Why do you *Mister* us, *brother* Jonathan, why don't you say *brother* Rogers and *brother* Sargent—or brother Nathaniel and brother Benjamin? We are both willing to be brothered by you, provided you will lay aside your ghostly pretensions to *divinity*. You "Mister" us, probably, to show that we are *secular*—because we have quit your sectarian corporations. It is mighty paltry.

(2) By "doing good" you probably mean scaring us by your priestly and ghostly maledictions and imprecations. If you do, you have not much ground of "hope." And friend Sargent and I have as little "hope" of doing you any good. I have none at all, so long as you are a priest. I am nothing but a man, and you are an *awful* and a *solemn divine*.—You are not human.—You are *divine*.—You are a "*Reverend Divine*."—Of course I can do you no good.—You do not need any good.—You have been canonized.—I am a mortal—a secular, every-day mortal. You are a Sabba'-day divine—I cannot therefore render you any moral service.—I cannot reprove you—for you cannot err—except towards your brotherhood. They alone can discover your faults, and they alone reprove them.

I can say only one thing to you, friend Jonathan, and that is, lay aside that foolish and unwarrantable priesthood, and be a man. It is a crime against God and man, for you to usurp the place you occupy. You can neither be christian nor human, while you are a priest.

(3) If you will point out a single mistatement I have made, I will make you treble acknowledgement for it. Until you do, I shall call all your talk about "exposing mistatements," mere priestly *license*.

(4) It is rather gratuitous, if not ungrateful, to be talking in this way, when you are swallowing up whole pages of the Herald with your clerical prosings. You *know* you can have place in the Herald. You are not dealing with a *priest*—or a *Congregational Journal*. If you were, you would get no hearing, if you opposed them with any ability.

(5) You must not consider it any extraordinary merit, that I always treated *you* well. If I were to make claims to merit, I should not put them on such ground as that.—I should base my claim on the course of life, for which you and the other priesthood are venting their malice at me. I should base it on my ABOLITIONISM. I always treated you kindly, to be sure. Your assaults on me after you abandoned your anti-slavery, and succumbed to your clerical brotherhood, and even went so far as to play second fiddle to the profound theologian who succeeded you in the Plymouth pulpit—were so insolent and so priestly, that I would neither submit to them, nor reply to them.

(6) Would you like to have it believed, friend Ward, that this Solomon quotation is a *sample* of your whole letter?

(7) And because I—a mere week-day layman—presumed, without order or permission, to *refer* to you, a solemn divine, you was shocked and horrified, and discharged a volley of your ghostly admonitions and quotations at me. Now friend Ward, leave off all this monkery, and meet me as a man. I should treat you with all the respect I incline to show one so much my senior in years, but these priestly pretensions, I must and shall entirely disregard—and tread upon.

(8) Here again, I must say to you—"deal" as "plainly" as you choose, if it is *human* dealing.—But if you play the awful priest, I shall trifle with you.—I shall do as I should with a wooden god, that should *set itself* up in my path—and *demand* homage of me.—I should be more likely to push *its* deityship over on to the ground, than to worship it, even if it should horrify all the worshippers round. "I shall deal plainly with you"! Now I suppose you imagine there is something *awful* in *your* plain *dealing*. I, the ordained and solemn priest—who have spent the Sabba'-days of half a century up in that dread pulpit—as if it were on the top of Mount Sinai, amid smoke and lightning,—and have made those myriads of long, sepulchral prayers,—in that dismal, unearthly tone, and with that rueful countenance,—*I* shall break out upon you, in "*divine*" vengeance. Well, what if you do? What follows? I happen to see through the imposition of your pretensions to divinity.—I regard you as a superstitious old gentleman.—You have nothing but a pen and ink, for your thunderbolts, after all,—and I have got pen and ink, such as it is, to reply to you with.—And there are awakened people enough to make out an *impartial* auditory. I shall trip up your *Reverend* heels, if you don't go straight—that is, if I can.—It is a *possibility*. You are not *divine*. If I "prick you, you will bleed." If I "tickle you, you will laugh," &c.

(9) I disclaimed arguing, to prove that slaveholding was wrong. I did so on the ground that it was a self-evident iniquity, and that arguing to prove it, weakened, instead of strengthening the position. This you *know* was my disclaimer, and the whole of it. Yet you crookedly and wickedly say, that I disclaimed "arguing" as "foolish."—This is a clerical falsehood. And priests will tell them with all the frequency of breathing, and with all the indifferency. They have such an adoring opinion of their office and of themselves, that the guilt of a lie is entirely lost sight of. They will tell one just as readily as they will a truth. Here is a deliberate lie—if I have any memory. I certainly never entertained the thought, that argument was foolishness, or that it was foolish to argue, in the sense it is here laid to me. I think I sometimes *do argue*.

(10) Assertions that you *know* to be true ought to satisfy you. The "readers" you here taunt and insult, are honester than a priest.

(11) Priests are eminent for low taunt and insult. They despise humanity, and are fond of insulting and degrading it. Base worshippers of power and place, they hold untitled and common humanity in *divine* contempt. They love to see it enslaved, and swinging on the gallows. It is foretaste of the hell, they think they can composedly see it doomed to hereafter. They are great sticklers for solemnity and propriety of speech, but *get them mad*, and they will taunt like any blackguard. Nobody despises the people as they do, and no insult is so contemptuous as theirs. The calumnious insinuation in this *reverend* taunt of brother Ward's, I of course shall not resent, or reply to. George Punchard, the accomplished superseder of my *Reverend* correspondent, for whom those "Plymouth Parishioners" he speaks of, *turned him away, in spite of all I could do to prevent it*, once taunted me in the same low and cowardly way.

(12) Very *mathematical*—*logical*—*learned*—*argumentative*, and withal *solemn*!

(13) *Witty*, as well as *solemn*. Divinity can be witty like any common mortals, only provoke them to it. They do not show much respect for the taste of their readers, in their wit, any more than they do for their judgment, in their *theological* reasonings. I should like, by the bye, to have the reader hear one of these "groans." He would hardly think it was *joking*, to speak of its *length*.

(14) Highly witty, as well as *becoming* the *sacred office*, and very *apt*, on so *jocose* a subject as anti-slavery. It is *arguing*, moreover.

(15) You ought to, if you published *any* of it. You would, if you had been *fair*. I did not ask you to publish it, to show I had commended you, but to show what I really said—instead of garbling it.

(16) If I was mistaken in that opinion, I will take it back, and you are fast convincing me that I was.

(17) I could not well say more truth, or more important to humanity, in so few words. You have left out a word after "pro-slavery"—unintentionally no doubt. What I wish attention to, is the manner of your quotation—as if my speaking against the clergy was itself a crime. You say I *said all this*—Well, what if I did. Is it not all true? You merely recite it. You do not even deny its truth.—You dare not raise the enquiry as to its truth—It would overthrow your order.—It is every word truth.—The world's history is all a proof of its truth. "The turnpike road of History," as Fisher Ames said in another case, "is white with the tombstones of departed" humanity—butchered by the agency of the Priesthood.

(18) I repeat it here. *I will try*. And what have you to say why I should not try? If I regard it my duty, shall I not—*may* I not? You regard it as blasphemy. You reverence your Order as God.—And you would burn me at the stake, if the Legislature would let you—as your bloody brotherhood have imprisoned Beach and Foster—Allen and Brown, for speaking in their *awful* presence.—Show why I should not try to overthrow your Order—if you have a single reason you dare offer. Not think to scare me or the readers of the Herald of Freedom, by a ghostly *repetition* of my opinions. You might scare the readers of Henry Wood's Journal by it.

(19) Here again, your holy horror at the idea of the impeachment of the priesthood, and at the awful sin of advocating its abolition. You seem to think it extraordinary that I have *come out* upon it.—Have I not always been *out*? Am I concealed and jesuitical, as the priests? I have always been 'out' against their order, ever since I learned it was of the Devil. I wish you would come *out*, and show its divine origin and warrant, if you can. The Herald is open to you.—Try your hand at it. Instead of uttering ghostly and *ghastly* exclamations at me, for declaring my opinions—refute them if you can. If your Order is of the origin you claim for it—show it. You can, if it can be done by ghostly bug-bear.

(20) A minister of Christ has no "influence."—He needs none—he desires none—he can't have any. Christ had none,—He purposely deprived Himself of it.—"He made himself of *no reputation*." Did he go about guarding his "Influence?" Did he want to build up a priestly consequence, so that he might *make* folks believe what he preached? The clergy do—because they know that without this "Influence," their sectarian dogmas won't go down the people's throats. They want "Influence," for they have no *truth* to sustain them.

(21) Friend Ward very well knows that I supported the clerical order, and abstained from assulting it, as long as I could.—That it was not till I was obliged to assail it—or abandon the Anti-slavery cause, that I consented to assail the order. I was driven by the formidable hostility of that order to the anti-slavery movement, to examine their title to all this formidable power, and I was rejoiced, as well as astonished, to find they had no title or right to it,—as well as surprised to think I had so long been blind to the obvious truth, that such an order *could* not have proper place in the human family—or be allowed by Christianity.—Friend Ward tried to be an abolitionist. He found he could not be,—and be a parson. He preferred the parsonage without anti-slavery, to anti-slavery without that.—He ceased to be an abolitionist, and remains a divine.

The clerical order is forbidden by Christ—it is a creature of human ambition,—it ought to be abolished,—it must be, in order to the triumph of Christianity. I will do what little I can towards its overthrow. If friend Ward will try to *defend* it, he will *help* open the eyes of the people to its utter want of foundation. I proffer him the Herald, or a liberal portion of it—(not the "15 columns" he claims—) for its defence—if he dares attempt it.

[22] If you really esteemed the anti-clerical effort, going on in aid of Anti-Slavery, a "*puny* effort"—you would not turn aside from your sectarian performances, to clamor against it. Your outcry is proof that you are afraid. You do not think the efforts "puny"—you do not regard my own efforts as puny—if you did you would treat them as such, instead of assaulting them with your *awful* artillery

Whether our efforts will be *in vain*—depends on whether the people are past being reached by the truth.

[23] I did not say you could, or that you tried to. You are arguing against what I have not advanced.

[24] Your quotation from me, just above, shows that I did not say you could or tried to. Why do you intimate that I did—after *showing*, by your quotation, that I did not!

[25] My "readers" will see, at a glance, that you are trying to deceive them, *here*, if you are after anything, as it seems to me. I do not expect to deceive the reader, at any time, for I am no priest, and have no *interest* to deceive them. Your insolent accusation I reply to, by pointing to the *absurdity* with which you make it. I speak thus to you because you are a *priest*. I want to show you that it is *safe* to be *free* with you. If you were a *man*. I should not incline to be severe with you at all.

[26] And did I not say *truly*?

[27] If there is any of them that *is not proslavery*, point it out to me and it will be time to make an exception. But the resolve connected the proslavery with them, as the reason for the censure, and you do not complain because they are called proslavery—but because *revivals* are denounced. You do not deny that they are pro-slavery, and that they revive a Religion, that enslaves 3,000,000 of your neighbors. You dare not deny it. You know it is the Religion of Slaveholding manstealers—adulterers—dehumanizers of men—tyrants, you know all this, and are willing it should be revived, though it should enslave every body, but the orthodox clergy. I judge so from your *position*, and have a right to, and am obliged to.

[28] And think it one great reason why they should be deprecated. Ministers *ought not* to have *influence*. If they were honest men, they would not want it. *Christ's* ministers have not any *influence*. An honest man wishes to be believed merely because he speaks the *truth*, and not to have *influence* over the minds of any.

[29] The illnature, and clerical insolence of this strain of remark, are equaled only by its impertinency and absurdity.

[30] If you intend by this garbled quotation to make the reader believe I have said anything about "repenting" of anything touching my course as an abolitionist towards you, I must notice it as another instance of clerical Jesuitry and priestly fraud, at which I shall not repress my indignation. I have only to remind the reader, that my remark about *repenting* was with reference to my being dissatisfied many years ago, with parson Ward, for his refusing to act as chaplain, at a 4th of July dinner.—I soon after saw I was in fault for it. I admitted he was right and I wrong. They turned him away soon after, to make way for a genteeler divine—I opposed them in it, stood in his defence, and was much abused for it. He mentioned, in his letter the other day, that I was disatisfied at his refusal to act as chaplain, &c., but omitted my change of opinion and feeling immediately after, towards him in that behalf, and now, to carry on his clerical Jesuitry, still farther, speaks here of it, as something *recent*, and tells me to "bring forth fruits meet for repentence" &c., and he "will mention it." I remind the reader of it, to show how a Divine will play false.

[31] You have deserted the Anti-Slavery cause, because you are a Priest—and no Priest can remain an unfaltering abolitionist. It would cost him his priesthood to attempt it and carry it out.

[32] You do not hold that you *can*. You are a Priest—and thereby licenced to say anything you please, to a layman. You are bound to be decently civil, only to your priestly peers.—Nothing is abusive that you say to a layman.

[33] I took no pains to preserve the letters, and care not whether they are in existence or not. It will satisfy the reader to say that they were at least as abusive as this letter is.—You would by and by deny that there was any abuse in this,—and quote some tolerably civil line of it, to show the civility of *the whole*. I shall not trouble the reader with your letters. They were never worth reading. I believe I did not read either of them through. They were very long, and very offensive.

[34] As this is a personal affair, I shall take up but little room about it. Your charge that I made you pay me for the Herald after you wanted it stopped, was false, and known to be such by you at the time, as I think.—I said what I did about it in the Herald, for the information of those about Plymouth, where you had made it.—Perhaps I should not have noticed it at all. I can think however, of nothing delinquent on my part, in regard to it, unless it might be that I was bound to do business for an enemy of the Herald of Freedom with its printer, (who at that time, perhaps, liked the paper as little as you did,) when you knew it was not my business, or at all proper to call on me. If I ought to have done you that service—unasked—for you did not ask it of me that I remember, I will make you all due amends. You knew where to send to order it stopped, and for aught I know, you had so done. *I* knew nothing of the subscription list—more than any other stranger. But enough of this. This is not my controversy with you, or your clergy, and *I* will not have attention diverted to it, too much.

[35] *I* make no complaint of your language on account of its harshness or severity. But when you tell of writing friendly reproof to me, that *I* do not respect, and the true reason why *I* do not respect it—is because it is insolent and rude, *I* will say so. *If* you want to tell me my faults "according to divine direction" you must do it as if you were a man and *I* another, and not as if *I* were a *prostrate layman* and you a Priest. The "divine direction" does not allow any of us to set up for gods—or conjurors. Be a man and talk like a man, and if you have got anything to say, say it, like a human creature, whose feet are on the ground here, and not like a ghost up among the clouds. You are not up there. You are not, even when you are perched up at roost in one of your sky-high pulpits, even in the old fashioned chimney swallow's nests, with a canopy over them—so high up that the poor folks near the deacon's seat have to look *perpendicularly*, to see you.—"Divine direction," is common sense, and common honesty.

[36] A repetition of that clerical roguery—as appears from your own quotation a word or two below.

[37] Here the infatuated old gentleman discloses his fraud, and discovers his shame. Here is the "public discarding of all arguing," of which he charges me. *I* decline *arguing* to show that slavery is not right—to *prove* that it is not out of the way for men to brutify one another—to *convince* folks that it is not christian to buy and sell one another like cattle. And here is a learned priest, who has the audacity and the mendacity to say I therein discard all argument as useless. Charges me with dealing in naked assertion on the ground that proof and argument are never useful. This is priestly—and then, with amazing infatuation, he quotes my real words and shows his lie. *I* repeat here that all argument and all logic are entirely needless to show the diabolism of Slavery, or that it ought to cease at once. They are worse than needless. They are a kind of parleying with the Devil. Where argument is wanted, *I* would use it—and logic—but not to show that the sun shines at noon in clear weather—or that a lie is not truth. Parson Ward may say, by and by, that *I* here discarded all arguing, and may preach a sermon upon it.

[38] Good enough against the pretensions of Slaveholders and Priests, to lord it over their brethren and equals. *I* will spend no breath to prove to either of them, that they have no business to rule me. *I* will show them by a more summary way.

[39] It would be no "favor" in the sense you really suppose, for any layman of common sense, and freedom from priestcraft, who should read once through the Bible, would know infinitely more on this subject, than any priest. But it would favor me and the anti-slavery cause, if you would *betray* yourself in the Herald on this subject. Write with reasonable brevity—for the paper is small.

[40] Not so unquiet as we make the priesthood, by daring to speak to them.

[41] It is not Judaism, to observe days merely—but it is Judaism to observe them *under the Jewish law*. To object against all observance of days, *as Judaism*, might be unreasonable. To object to keeping our 4th of July, on that ground, might be. But our 1st day of the week is kept as the Sabbath, under the old 4th Commandment, and is therefore a Jewish observance, and parson Ward would take that commandment for a text, and look and talk as solemn as Mount Sinai, when he repeated it. That, John Calvin repudiated. The Jewish Sabbath, he contended, was abolished. I quoted him, not as an authority—for I did not know what his opinions were, when I formed my own,—but as an answer to the *Calvinistic* priesthood, on their charges of *infidelity*.

That days should be religiously observed, however, on the ground that they are *sacred*, I do not hold, however Calvin might hold. His opinon will do to stop the mouths of *Calvinists* with, and for that I use them. I agree with Paul, as to observance of days, when he tells the Galatians, iv: 10, 11, that he is afraid he has lost his labor upon them, because they observe days and times, &c. The Calvinists, however, would follow Calvin rather than Paul. They must give up their 4th Commandment Sabbath, though, if they follow either.

[42] Why do his followers so observe it, then?

[43] But between the Jews and our clergy, the difference is nothing at all, professedly. They profess to be governed by the Jewish Law.

[44] "Retained" *by whom*, I would ask John Calvin, for here, according to friend Ward, Calvin is made to call the 1st day of the week a "Sabbath." He does not say, however, that Paul retained it, or had any authority to retain it—but that it was retained by churches founded by Paul. Calvin tells, a little below, who undertook to turn the first day of the week into a Sabbath, and why they did it—and that it was not Christ, or his apostles, but "the *ancients*," and that they did it not on the authority of Christ, but to "*preserve decorum, order and peace* in the *Church!*"

[45] It is not observing the "Lord's day," that we are contending about. Is is for imposing that Old Sinai commandment on to Christianity, in defiance of Christ, apostolic deprecation, and the whole Bible.

[46] "Abolished"—was it? Why revive it then, or deny it's abolition. If it was *abolished*, there is an end of it. Now show that God ever restored it again. If man have, and can give a *reason* why it ought to be kept, I will keep it, for that reason.—But they must not ask me to keep it on the 4th Commandment, when they admit, that that Sabbath is abolished.

[47] By *whom* "appointed?" Calvin answers this in the next sentence. And mark, he says it was done to preserve "decorum, order and peace in the christian church,"—and by the "*ancients*!"

[48] Thank you, *learned* sir, for this quotation from John Calvin, your fountain of Divinity—to show that "*what we call the Lord's day*," was *substituted by the ancients*, in the *room of the Sabbath*." I knew that some *ancients* or other had done it, and it has come down to us from their days of daring usurpation of the Divinity, through a long line of jesuitical, bloody-minded Priests.—And now the clergy have the impudence to tell us that it is of *divine* authority—and quote the 4th Commandment to prove it, and quote Calvin also, in disproof of it. This is "*arguing*." Calvin is here quoted to show I did not quote him fairly, or fully. I am obliged to my Reverend opponent for furnishing this valuable addition of Calvinistic authority.

[49] *I* quoted from another, and quoted all he did. *I* should have eagerly quoted what you have in addition, if he had furnished it to me. *I* quoted enough for the reader's purpose. You have furnished me more. It all helps me establish the fact, so far as Calvin's admissions go, that the Jewish Sabbath was done away by Christianity, and that the "ancients"—somewhere along between the Christian Era and Calvin, set up the Lord's day, as they call Sunday, as a successor to it, to preserve the "decorum, peace and order of the church." The same reason their clerical successors now offer for dragging out Beach, and shutting him up in jail, for speaking in their Synagogues.

[50] *If I* were a priest, *I* might reply, that you are such an Ass, that you will quote authorities in my favor, till you upset yourself grossly in the eyes of everybody, and then think you have triumphed. But *I* do not use these rude incivilities. *I* called Luther and Calvin, it seems, some of the Christian fathers.—*I* am called "ignorant,"—"so ignorant" for doing so. *I* am not a learned priest, and could not tell the names of all the old long waisted monks, or cardinals or technical "fathers," that bewitched the world from the first century down to Luther. *I* lack a theological education.—Four years at Andover—maintained by some education society, would have taught me all that *solemn* learning, and qualified me for the *sacred* desk. *I* don't believe, however, that *I* mistook Luther or Calvin, for technical "fathers," as of those old, hollow-eyed writers of divinity, who go by that name.—*I* did not suppose they were—though *I* might have called them so as to incur the learned denunciation above. *I* don't know who the "Fathers" were—all of them—or many of them. *I* don't care who they were—or what they thought or wrote. *I* know the New Testament, and *I* know what is right and what is wrong.—*I* know Slaveholding and Priesthood can't be right, and that it is an imposition to palm on us a holy day, and an infernal piece of jugglery to use such a day to put down Anti-slavery with. *I* know all this, "Fathers," or no "Fathers."

[51] My notes run high—over half a hundred—but *I* have a long text—and an important subject.—Parson Ward gives us here the opinion of one of the "Fathers."—Who cares for it? *I* do not, for one—so far as *authority* goes. *I* rather have the opinion of one "little child"—than of a dozen of these old "Fathers."—He gives the definition of a christian.—He says "he observes the Lord's day, according to the command of Christ." With due deference to this "Father," Christ gave no command, for any special observance of the Lord's day—or any other day.—Christ teaches to entertain no "evil thoughts" *any* day—but no where teaches special "entertainment of good thoughts" in honor of His resurrection. True Christianity observes *all* days properly and righteously. This "Father," however, says nothing about the Lord's day being the *Sabbath*. The "ancients" perhaps had not sanctified it in his day.

[52] *If* Dyonicius did not keep the other days *as* holy, he was no true man.—That is all *I* can say of him. But he says nothing of its being a *Sabbath*. The "ancients" had not made the *Sabbath* of it, yet. *If* Dyonicius had called it the Sabbath, it would not have made it so.—He had no more Sabbatizing authority than "Father" Ward has. They call friend Ward "Father," among the clergy generally. And he is as much entitled to it as Father Dyonicius was, or Father Matthew, the Catholic.

[53] *It is* a device of the Devil, to make a *Sabbath* out of it. *If* you call lying and imposition his devices. Have you not proved by your own quotations, as far as they are of any authority, that there is no scriptural warrant—or even "*father*" warrant, for the *Sabbatical* character of the first day of the week? But *I* am saying too much, on a plain case.

[54] A ghostly, priestly imprecation. A very saucy, insolent imprecation. Brother Jonathan Ward, your public reproofs, and your private reproofs, *I* want you to know, *I* regard with pity.—*I* pity you. You are a poor, infatuated *Priest*. *If* you don't quit your priesthood, you are no true man forever. *I* don't say you will be damned, unless priesthood and jugglery constitute damnation. You are no Christian.—Christianity absolutely disowns a priesthood, and disowns you, and your "brotherhood of thieves."

I have a word of 'public reproof' for you. *I* speak not as a priest, but as a man.—You are a priest! You have that vain, infatuated and guilty notion, that you are a special ambassador and representative of God on earth. You are countenancing the horrible heresies of a human priesthood, of a consecrated House—of a sacred Day of the week, and a political church, acting by majorities, and even in that, trampling woman membership in the dust, and treating her church franchise just as your ungodly national government treat the colored people. You are of that anti-christian 'brotherhood,' who uphold Slavery as a christian relation.—You fellowship them as the ministers of Christ. They uphold the bloody and murderous War system, and you fellowship them as the ministers of the Prince of Peace. They imprison men for speaking conscientiously in their mock worship.—You are one of them. Thomas P. Beach is now languishing in Newburyport Jail, and others have been imprisoned, at the instigation of your bloody and diabolical Order. Don't profess any more to me that you are a minister of Christ, or a Christian. Your fruits prove you are not. By your fruits, *I* 'know' you are not. Before you can be a christian, you must come down from that Christless pulpit—lay aside those impious pretensions to Divinity—abjure fellowship with the American Church and Clergy—for they are the bulwarks of War and Slavery, and every thing else that is abominable in the earth.—Abjure it, *I* mean, after you cease to be portion of them. At present you can't abjure such fellowship—for you are yourself part and parcel of that 'Brotherhood.'

Be a man. Embrace the truth—for the truth's sake, and not for any *speculation* you may be entertaining, after an *estate* hereafter in Paradise. Be right, for the sake of the right, and not from fear of Hell. You cannot be saved unless you are so—if being guilty, and *spiritually* mercenary, and selfish, involve damnation. Be an abolitionist.—You can, if you would throw off that Priesthood. Until you do, I warn you seriously, that you *never can*.

[55] *If* friend Ward does not know that the printers of the Herald have published it, at their own risk, ever since *I* was Editor, and that that was the *way* the Committee of the Society published it, *I* would inform him of it. *I* never had any concern directly or indirectly in the printing or publishing, any more than he had. He was a member of the State Society, *I* suppose, and as such "published" the paper, as much as *I* did.

C. C. BURLEIGH

Will speak in this Village, somewhere, next Tuesday evening. The place and the hour will be seasonably designated in hand-bills.—Those who have ever heard his eloquence, need not be invited.

Poetry.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

There comes a wail of deep despair,
On southern breezes flying.—
A cry—it is the voice of prayer,
The friendless Negro's sighing.

'Tis heard on bleak New-England's hills,
Along her vallies moaning;
Its course is up her welling rills,
On all her waters groaning.

High o'er her crested mountain peaks
That heaven-ward point in gladness,
Where the fierce "eagles whet their beaks,"
Is heard this voice of sadness.

Her verdant plains—her flowery meeds,
Whose fragrance sweet ascending,
Borne onward by their airy steeds,
With Slavery's curse are blending.

'Tis heard from legislative halls,
Where statesmen most erratic,
Pass their damning "gag resolves,"—
The "patent *democratic!*"

Our "Yankee *press*," so bold and free,
Chimes in, nor dares to falter,—
Applauds the man whose iron heel
Goes down on freedom's altar!

The blood of Afric pleads in vain
For justice in its pages—
It winks at crimes, whose guilt shall stain
Our fame in after ages.

It vilely "crooks the pregnant knee"
When e'er it speaks of Slavery;
And whispers, lest the world should see
How deep we're dyed in knavery.

The Pulpit, too, with ready hands
Proclaims that wailing endless;
It rivits fast the iron bands,
And dooms the bondman friendless.

It cuts him off from God, and when
The black man, bruised and bleeding,
Bar claims his rights with christian men,
It spurns him all unheeding.

And *louder* yet this cry shall thrill
O'er State-house, Press and Steeple,
'Till Slavery's "*gag*" and "State-rights bill"
Are vetoed by the people.

A. S. K.

From the Liberator.

Hope for the Slave.

For the crying of the needy,
And the wasting of the poor,
God's recompence is speedy,
And his judgments ever sure;
And his arm is never shortened, that it cannot save
His mercy is unbounded
To them that are distressed,
By many ills surrounded,
Or by the strong oppress'd;
And he heeds with loving kindness the heavy-hearted slave.

Then, sable brother, lend thee
Unmurmuring while thou must,
Jehovah shall befriend thee,
And raise thee from the dust,
And He shall spoil the spoiler, and all his glory bow.

Cheer up then, sable brother!
Toil on another day,
Another and another—
It is not far away,—
The day of thy redemption, it dawneth even now.

O, never dim its glory
With clouds of carnage dim,
Or lead with weapons gory
Victorious freedom on;
Better to dare the vengeance of man than of the Lord

Ye triumph when ye suffer,
Meek martyrs of the wrong,
In love that loveth ever,
Omnipotently strong;
Most wronged and most forgiving, how great is your reward!

E. D. H.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Music.

Not in the chaimed and tortured notes that ring
On human tongues, the soul of music dwells;
But oh! most sweet on Nature's harpstring swells
Enrapturing harmony. The breathing spring
Is full of music; as each living thing,
In willing songs, its new-born gladness tells—
And the hoarse tempest wakes it, as it yells
Through the thick forest trees. The great clouds bring
Their voiceful choristers—the storm—the hail,
And the deep thunder with its organ peal;
The leaping torrent and the rushing gale
Are no less joyous than the notes which steal
In softest whisperings o'er the vessel sod;
All pour alike, untaught, their hymns to Nature's God.

E. D. H.

Pleasant Height.

From the Massachusetts Spy.

Fate.

The rose and thorn may spring so side by side,
And spread their leaves together to the day;
Drink in the dew alike at eventide,
While in one breath their quivering leaflets play;
The winds awake and rudely hurry past;
The thorn unharmed in greenness will remain,
While the fair flower is broken by the blast,
And all its leaves are scattered o'er the plain.
Thus vice and virtue; death the fool will spare,
While his relentless hand plucks up the good and fair.

G.

Genius.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Where essence is ethereal—they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And when it awakes, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

Temperance.

From the Essex County Wasingtonian.

Sketches from Real Life.

We had just taken pen to write one of our poor sketches when the following letter was handed us. After reading, it occurred to us that here was a sketch or rather sketches from real life indeed, and very recent too. We concluded forthwith to publish it for various reasons. The writer manifestly has the good cause at heart, and therefore his suggestions are worth noting. And then we thought our Newburyport friends, whose zeal is known in all the land, ought to know what has happened, or is *said to have happened*, in their midst and the comments made thereon, that they may act as seems to them fit in the premises. If any of the statements need amending or explanation, we beg some one of them to apprise us forthwith. We know no other way to get at truth than to hear the declarations of all parties. And finally, 'tis possible we may gather some useful hints from our writer, who plainly is not a man to mince his words, or talk so *softly* as to take away all force from his declarations. Nicholas Bottom Esq., when personating the lion in the play, would "roar you like any sucking dove," that he might not frighten the ladies. Our writer does not hold with that chivalrous gentleman. When a lion, he roars like a lion. Some points in this letter we may take up and consider at some length when we have more room.

Where are the Washingtonians?

Newburyport Jail, Oct. 1842.

Mr. Editor,—The other night a man was committed here who was found intoxicated on the Railroad. The man is 70 years old, and is so young and healthy looking, that I took him to be only 45. From almost daily conversation with him, I should judge him to be a man of naturally sterling integrity of character, tho' from his habits I suppose he has the reputation of a vagabond. I should think true Washingtonian treatment might cure him, but I am sure such as he has received at their hands here, never will. Now, friend Editor, I have two inquiries to make here; first, what would the true principle of the Washingtonians have led the complainant to have done with this drunken brother? and the second, where are the *true hearted ones*, in this most glorious of reforms? I have no hesitation in the answer that humanity gives to the first question. What is their true principle? Is it not "do as you would be done by?"—Forgive and restore your erring brother—go out after the lost, lost drunkard, and when you find him, bring him to your house, warm, clothe and feed him, until he is recovered from his fall, and then set his feet in the path of rectitude and usefulness, watch over him with brotherly affection and tenderness till he is confirmed in habits of sobriety? If this is not the principle, I hav n't understood it. But I *do* understand it. This *is* the true principle of all reform, and the Washingtonians have got it, if they will only hold on to it. It is the glory of their enterprise that they have *started right*, and whoever shall lay a straw across their track to hinder their car of reform, let him be anathematized, whether he be priest, layman, politician, lawyer or retailer. In the case to which I have alluded, there is no reason to doubt that kindness would have been well received by the aged transgressor, but his incarceration here has had, and is likely to have a most hardening effect.—He very clearly sees through the crafty and mercenary designs of those who placed him here. He can but despise from his inmost soul, men who will descend so low for a little money!

But where are the Washingtonians, while the poor brother who has fallen among thieves who have stripped him of his money, thrust the fiery liquid into him, more deadly than the poniard, and have disabled him and perhaps turned him from their roof late at night, lies upon the track just before the furious engine? Perhaps snugly located and debating in their comfortable hall.—This is right and useful in its season. But is not something else well, and even better than this? Is it not better, far better, that they should parrole the streets, at least part of the time, and carefully watch for those who have fallen a prey to the base panders to crime? Oh, when shall we learn that it is not by making fine speeches, holding pleasant social meetings, &c., &c., that we can accomplish what Christ did when he went about doing good!

Take another case. When Caleb Cushing arrived, after the parade and hurrah of the escort to his house, in his abundant liberality he sent the multitude to the tavern to refresh themselves at his expense. Some of the company carried the joke too far, and by the next morning complaint was entered against a poor midshipman who was dragged in here and shut up seven days, and then carried to the county house for three months. Where were the Washingtonians? Had they been as vigilant as the money-catching police, how easily the tar might have been saved all this, and sent sober on board ship, and perhaps by such kindness been cured of his habits? But as it was he went to his confinement with curses and imprecations against his tormentors, and will probably leave it imprecating vengeance upon those who can thus persecute him. Still another. A young man was committed in here, last week, with whom I conversed freely. His story was this. "I was turned into the world at 9 years old, to look out for myself. I have never drank to excess, though I have sometimes used liquor when about hard jobs. I was yesterday shovelling coal from the hold of a ship and had drunk a little, but not enough to affect my head, had it not been very warm, stooping work. As I came from my dinner, a boy on the wharf called out, 'there he goes drunk.' It provoked me, and I cuffed his ears. One of the boy's friends took it up and brought me before the police. If there had been any friend to assist me in procuring evidence, I might have been cleared.—But I was friendless, and had no money to procure assistance or pay my fine. I never saw the inside of a jail before, and it seems horrid to me." He was released by the kindness of a friend who paid the fine, *and took his clothes in security*. I wrote a letter for him to his friends in the State of Maine, for which he appeared grateful, as he indeed did for every little kindness shown him. Now had the Washingtonians been there in the true brotherly spirit of their movement and rendered him the necessary aid, how easily might they have won him over to the temperance principles.—"There is a chord in the most corrupt heart that vibrates to kindness." It seems that their work *is not done*. But the great question is, are they doing it? From my limited observation, I should say *not as they were a few months ago*. Their work is getting into "respectable" hands and thus becoming too much like other movements of our times, "walking abroad in silver slippers." A quaint expression, but it tells a great deal. I exhort the friends of this cause to see to it, that neither reproach, nor *flattery*, the greater danger of the two, turn them aside from the great principles of their enterprise. I long to see them carried out till every dear brother of God's great family shall be redeemed from the tremendous power of appetite, and join this noble band to teach the world the true principles of Reform.

T. P. BEACH.

The Drunkard's Bible.

"Mr. President," said a short, stout man, with a good-humored countenance, and a florid complexion, rising as the last speaker took his seat,—"I have been a tavern-keeper."

At this announcement there was a movement through the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

"Yes, Mr. President," he went on, "I have been a tavern-keeper, and many a glass have I sold to you and to the secretary there, and to dozens of others that I see here"—glancing round upon the company.

"That 's a fact," broke in the president, "many a gin-toddy and brandy punch, have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war right into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-seller's bravest generals! But go on, friend W——, let us have your experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-tavern-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and rum-drinking—for I have done a good deal of both in my day—that would be rather too long a story to tell to-night, and one that I had much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look back on the evil I have done. I therefore usually look a-head with the hope of doing some good to my fellow-men.

"But there is one incident that I will relate. For the last five years, a hard-working mechanic, with a wife and several small children, came regularly, almost every night to my tavern, and spent the evening in the bar-room. He came to drink, of course; and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot—working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing, to support herself and children, while he spent his time, and the little he could earn, at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually all gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came. The score gradually increased, until it amounted to three or four dollars, over his regular Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor until it was settled. On the day after I had refused to sell him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, enclosing some hair—no doubt, I thought—of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment of what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, or indeed care about the question, whether he was the owner or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get my own, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

"I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for a while. But he gradually got behind again, and again I cut off the supply of liquor. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass candlesticks. I took them, and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large family bible, and I took that too—thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something.

"On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to do—for I used to shut up my bar on Sunday, thinking it was not *respectable* to sell liquor on that day—I opened this poor drunkard's family Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place that I turned to was the family record.—There it was stated that on a certain day he had been married to Emily ——. I had known Emily, when I was a young man, very well, and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy, young face, and suddenly seemed to hear the tone of her merry laughter.

"Poor creature!' I sighed involuntarily, as a though of her present condition crossed my mind—and then, with no pleasant feelings, I turned over the next leaf. There was the record of the birth of four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

"I never had such a strange feeling as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book. But I tried to stifle my feelings, and I turned over several leaves quickly. I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page; these words arrested my attention:

"'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"This was just the subject that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read—

"'Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds? Who hath babbling? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder.'

"I felt like throwing the book from me. But once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words:

"'Wo unto him who giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest the bottle to him and makest him drunken.'

"I closed the book suddenly, and then threw it down. Then for half an hour I paced the room backwards and forwards in a state of mind, such as I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious, that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell how much I suffered during that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind, between the selfish love of the gains of my calling, and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about 9 o'clock, I think, on that evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I might find something to direct me. I opened at the Psalms, and read two or three chapters. As I read on, without finding any thing that seemed to apply directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow-men. After I had read the Bible, I retired to my bed, but could not sleep. I am sure that during that night I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long lot of tottering drunkards, with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said, "who hath done this?"

The answer, in a still louder voice, directed, I felt, to me, smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder—

"Thou art the man!"

"From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning, the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided, was—

"Shall I open my tavern, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?

"Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spigot of every keg, of every barrel of spirits, wine, beer, or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then came and signed your total abstinence pledge, and what is better, never rested until I had persuaded the man whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise. And now, Mr. President, I am keeping, at my old stand, a temperance grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least half a dozen families that my tavern helped to make poor and wretched, to whom I furnished a small quantity of groceries every week, in many cases equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar, for liquor.

Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest until every man that I helped to ruin, is restored to himself, his family, and society.

A round of hearty applause followed his address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.

Miscellany.

Wise Sayings.

The True Priest.—The true priest of the Highest is he who strives to awaken the sleeping germ of a better humanity, to enkindle the love for the lofty, to transform the meaner into a nobler life, to reconcile the children of the earth to the heaven which is theirs, and to hold the balance against the stupid devotion of the age to mere material good. This is that higher priesthood which reveals the depths of spiritual mysteries, and whose voice comes down from the kingdom of God; this is the source of all visions and prophesyings, of all holy works and inspired words which are scattered abroad, as if at random, that the apt spirit may receive them, and may bring forth truth.—*Shleirmacher.*

The Heart.—The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear;—the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening vices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope, that remains the longest, gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

The Duty of Society.—The grand end of society is to place within the reach of all its members the means of improvement, of elevation, of the true happiness of man.—There is a higher duty than to build alms-houses for the poor, and that is to save men from being degraded in the blighting influence of an alms-house. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids and encouragements and culture, by which he may fulfill the destiny of a man; and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this, it will continue to groan under its present miseries.—*Dr. Channing.*

The True Idea.—A man should live in the world like a true citizen; he may be allowed to have a preference to the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives; but he should have a generous sympathy for the welfare of the whole; and if in his rambles through this great city, the world, he chances to meet a man of a different habit, language, or complexion, from his own, still he is a fellow creature, a short sojourner, in common with himself; subject to the same wants, infirmities and necessities; and one who has a brother's claim on him for charity, comfort and relief.

Remember the Poor.

"Remember the Poor," said the greatest philanthropist the world ever saw or ever will see. The chilled faces in our streets—the shivering boy—the bowed widow, gathering her thin garment still more closely around her shrunken limbs to keep out the cold—and especially that old, bent woman, who is now picking up chips beneath our window—remind us that the season is at hand when this command is particularly emphatic.

"Remember the poor," for the wheel of fortune may, in its unceasing whirl, place you among them, in after years.

"Remember the poor," for they are your equals, and many of them are infinitely your superiors in all but clothing and food.

"Remember the poor," for kindness to them will return back upon you a hundred fold.

"Remember the poor," for the surplus in your hands belongs to you as stewards for the suffering. That old woman is starving! dare you hoard it up, and let her starve on? Send her some food, and her prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like a shower of jewels.—*Portland American.*

Mr. O'Connell's Speech.

At a late meeting in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell delivered a "tremendous speech" against American Slavery. He said,

"Every nerve within him trembled at the idea of one man being the property of his fellow-man—of a human being treated as so much chattels, or that a being with an immortal soul should be bound to the will of any master, be he a tyrant or otherwise in the exercise of his authority."

Colt's Sub-Marine Battery.

Tuesday afternoon, at four o'clock, the Battery was thronged with an immense crowd of spectators, waiting to see the result of the trial of Colt's sub-marine apparatus. Castle Garden also, was filled with spectators, and numbers put off from the shore in boats, to observe the result of the experiment. The vessel to be blown up, lay moored in the stream, about a hundred yards from Castle Garden. She was a brig of about 300 tons. Her masts were standing, as high as the topmast; but, with the exception of a few ropes to serve as stays, all her rigging was taken off. Colt, the operator, stood upon Governor's Island, from which wires extended to the powder beneath the vessel, a distance of half a mile. The signal concerted was the firing of three guns, one after the other, from the North Carolina; the two first as alarm guns, and the last as a signal. The third gun was no sooner fired, than instantaneously, almost, the electricity was communicated through the wires to the sub-marine magazine, which exploded, throwing up the vessel in fragments, seen with difficulty here and there amid an immense mass of water and smoke. The water was thrown in a column to the height of nearly 100 feet. When the agitation subsided, nothing was seen of the vessel, save in the form of pieces of boards, heavey masses of timber, and a portion of her hull.—*Jour. of Com.*

Plain Speaking in Love Matters.

The simple and earnest character of Dr. Doddridge is well illustrated in a letter to his mistress, of which the following is a portion:

Madam—I have so little opportunity of conversing with you alone, that I am forced to take this method of expressing my concern, and, indeed, my amazement, at what has just passed between us. I know you to be a lady of admirable good sense, and I wish you would find out the consistency of your behavior yesterday and to-day. Yesterday you assured me that you loved me as well as I did you, which you know is to a very uncommon degree; and that it grieved you that you had given me so much uneasiness; adding you will take care to avoid it for the time to come. To-day you have been telling me, that you could not bear the thought of not being so rich as your sister; that you do not know why you may not expect a good man, with a good estate!

I leave you to judge whether it be possible I should hear this remark without uneasiness. And if it were not, whether it were fit for you to make it. Consider, madam, I am a rational creature; and though too much transported with love, yet blessed be God, not absolutely distracted! How, then, do you imagine I can put my confidence in the assurances you give me of your love, when you are so continually contradicting them? For do you not contradict them when you talk of discarding me for the sake of money?

Southern Sport.—A late number of the Tennessee Review, states that a bill of indictment had been found against George Smith, John H. Tobb, Loften Duke, James Pearce, and Leroy Brown, for the murder of a slave belonging to a Mr. Miller. They had all got into a drunken spree, and under the influence of liquor, enticed the negro into a loft, and hung him *for fun*; intending to cut him down before life should be extinct. Their drunken frolic was carried too far—the negro died.

We are curious to see whether this crime will meet with any punishment. It will be contrary to all our experience, (and we have watched carefully) if a white man is ever hung, in a slaveholding State, for murdering a slave.

If mankind always lived precisely as they ought to live, they would, as a general rule, most certainly pass through the several stages of life, from infancy to extreme old age, without sickness and distress, enjoying, through their long-protracted years health, serenity, and peace, and individual and social happiness, and gradually wear out their vital energies, and finally lie down and fall asleep in death without agony—without pain.—*Graham.*

A gentleman at Red Hook, N. Y., on the Hudson river, has this season sold 2400 barrels of apples, all of his own raising, for thirty-six hundred dollars.